The Tommany Lender Might Have Been Acquitted Eighteen Years Ago Had He Word that Would Have Brought the Real Offender to the Bar-Now, Patrick Craig, One of His Accus are, and Burke, the Rioter Who Refused to Toolify, Mave Sought Porgiveness from Mr. Croker, and Perhaps the

The story of the killing of John McKenna on ction day, 1874, was brought to the surface Richard Croker. "Burke the Rioter." as he familiarly known, asked for and obtained from Mr. Croker forgiveness for failing to Kenna and testify for the defence.

The true story of the events leading up to McKenna's death is here set forth for the first Ime. It contains many facts that heretofore have been carefully concealed and, at this late date, were obtained with much diffisulty. The story as it is printed here was shown to Mr. Croker and he was asked to say if the narrative was incomplete in any impor-tant particular. He replied that he deemed it unwise for him to pass judgment upon it. All he knew of the actual shooting of Mo-Kenna, he said, had been told him by others. He was asked to designate some gentleman of prominence who was in a position to pass upon the accuracy of this story, and he reerred the reporter to Michael T. Daly. Com missioner of Accounts. At the time of the shooting of McKenna Mr. Daly was opposed to Mr. Croker and was a supporter of James O'Brien. He read this story carefully, and then said:

"When this is printed it will be the first time that anything like a truthful, straightforward report of circumstances surrounding McKena's death has been given to the nublic."

Mr. Oroker's entire innocence of McKenna's death, but nearly every one of them can put his hand upon the man who shot McKenna. Mr. Croker learned the name of the guilty man while on his way to the station house where he simself was afterward charged with the crime. Other men who were mixed up in the election day fight, who appeared against Mr. Croker. not only knew who had shot McKenna, but were close enough to him to see his weapon. THE STORY.
The Tammany Congress Convention, held

early in the fall of 1874, in the Tenth district, mominated Abram S. Hewitt, and the fight to slect him began immediately. The task of winning the Twenty-first ward, a part of the Tenth district, was intrusted to Croker, who was then a Coroner. Ex-Sheriff James and Croker had been friends up to the 1870. They had been playmates in boyhood. and when they became young men they were atill very intimate. O'Brien joined the old third street, while Mr. Croker ran with Engine No. 28. O'Brien first began dabbling in politics in 1865, and his interest in it was soon shared by Croker, who gave up his place as machinist in the old railroad roundhouse in Fourth avenue and made it his business to support his brother firemen in all their polit-

In the fall of 1867, O'Brien, having been chosen Sheriff, resigned his place as Alderman of the Fifteenth district, and in the following year he aided Croker in securing the vacant seat. There was a difficulty about Croker getting the salary, and a slight coldness sprang up between the two men. It was finally adjusted when Croker received a warrant for his salary as Alderman, which amounted to \$4,000. In order to get the warrant cashed he had to pay \$1,000 discount. O'BRIEN AND CROKEB QUARREL.

Croker was elected Alderman for a new term in the fall of 1809, but he held the place for five minutes only, being legislated out of office by Tweed. He expected to get the nomination when the new Board was elected in May under the Tweed charter. He wanted O'Brien to help him get the nomination, but it appears that O'Brien went to Dick Connolly, who controlled the nomination, and told him to give it to Bernard O'Neill, a deputy sheriff. It is said that O'Brien had promised to support Croker, and that the bad faith he showed turned the latter against him.

Croker then began a fight to oust O'Brien from leadership in the Twenty-first ward. He started the Tammany Association in East Thirty-first street as a rival to the Jackson Club, O'Brien's organization, in Lexington avenue. When O'Brien ran as the Reform didate for Senate in 1870. Croker stroy defeat him. Unce Croker was attacked at Third avenue and Thirty-first street by a gang

defeat him. Once Croker was attacked at Third avenue and Thirty-first street by a gang of O'Brien's men headed by an ex-deputy sheriff named Moore. Croker whipped the whole gang. Then John I. Davenport was appealed to, and warrants were issued for the arrest of the most active of Croker's friends, and they were locked up on a charge of violating the election laws.

Croker was finally made the Tammany leader of the ward, and later he was made marshal for the collection of unpaid taxes. He held this place until he was elected Coroner. The progress that Croker was making in politics increased the enmity O'Brien felt toward him. O'Brien styled himself an "independent Democrat," and he had no difficulty in finding in the ward a number of men as independent as himself. The Jackson Club, of which he was a member, was a powerful political organization, that numbered among its members such men as William C. Whitney, Jerome Buck, Yenkins Van Schaick, Lawrence D. Kiernan, James McGregor, B. H. Bixby, F. M. Bixby, Solomon and Moses Mehrbach, Julius Wadsworth, William C. Barrett, Henry L. Clinton, George W. Wingate, Abraham R. Lawrence, Robert B. Nooney, and pretty nearly all the prominent men in Apollo Hall. It was understood that all these men were behind O'Brien and they would help him against Tammany's candidates. The ranks of the independents grew, and in 1874 they nominated O'Brien as the opponent of Mr. Hewitt. WARLIKE TIMES THEN.

WARLIKE TIMES THEN.

O'Brien's personal followers were hustlers.
From morning until late at night they went singly and in parties throughout the district canvassing for votes. O'Brien was popular, and as election day drew near it looked as though his prospects were excellent. This urged the Tammany men to increasing efforts, and angry collisions were not infrequent. There had been pretty hard fights in that district before. Black Jack' Reilly was a Tammany man and a successful getter of votes. He was six feet tall and very broad and beavy. He was as fighter and his opponents feared him. Beilly had no fear, and strolled about the district at all times. Late one night in some year before 1874 he was standing in front of a bar, whon a man crept up behind him and dealt him a blow on the head. Reilly sprang clear over the bar and fell on the floor behind it. His assailant followed him and beat him until he was dead. The weapon used was an iron pipe filled with lead. Reilly's murderer was never arrested. It was common talk then

CROKER OUT EARLY ON ELECTION DAY.

Early in the morning of election day, 1874.
Coroner Croker heard that the O'Brientes intended to overturn the Tammany boxes, and prevent, as far as possible, the distribution of the Tammany tickets. Croker personally notified the police and asked for protection, but the request was not heeded. Inen in an effort to protect the interests of Tammany's candidates he started on a tour through the ward. With him were George and Henry Hickey and John Sheridan, all of whom actively opposed the cancidacy of O'Brien. This journey was begun about 7 o'clock in the morning and continued uninterruptedly for about half an hour. The little party were then moving up town on the east side of Second avenue.

Moving up town on the east side of second avenue.

Near Thirty-fourth street they encountered william H. Borst, who lived over on the west side, and "Strong Arm" Mike Costello. The presence of Borst in the district made it look as if he had been summoned there to advance the interests of O'Brien. The latter's influence made it possible for him to secure just such then from all over the city. "The "Allen used to send him fighters when he wanted them. Borst had a club over his shoulder. Croker asked him what he was doing there. He expressed his disapproval of Borst's presence and advised him to go home.

MET O'BRIEN AND THEY FOUGHT.

O'Brien, who was on the epposite side of the

O'Brien, who was on the opposite side of the street, ran over, called Croker a damned loafer, and otherwise abused him. Croker had endeavored to avoid meeting O'Brien and his personal followers. As soon as O'Brien appeared siso Owney Geoghegan, Oyster Balloy, a man named Lanogy, and

enta.

Just what occurred in the next five minutes bould not be learned at that, time, for representatives of both factions, who were interiewed, and afterward made sworn statements to the Coroner, told conflicting stories. But the facts in the case, as now brought to

ments to the Coroner, told comincing stories, But the facts in the case, as now brought to light, are these:

Croker inferred from O'Brien's manner that he intended to provoke a quarrel, and resolved to avoid it if possible. He backed away. O'Brien slowly followed him, continuing all the time his abuse. Upon reaching the curb Croker paused for a moment, and then, seeing that O'Brien still continued to advance, he stepped off the sidewalk into the street. The friends of Croker were behind their leader. As soon as Croker stepped from the sidewalk into the street O'Brien struck at him. The blow fell short, but Croker landed on O'Brien's lip, cutting it so that the blood trickled from the wound. The streets were pretty well filled with men, and in a minute a crowd had gathered. The gleam of pistol barrels was seen here and there in the crowd.

M'KENNA FLUNGED INTO CROKER'S CROWD.

McKenna, a few days before, had been ap-

MERNA PLUNGED INTO CROKER'S CROWD.

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McKenna, a few days before, had been appointed a keeper on Blackwell's Island through the influence of Barney Biglin. His was advised to stick to his cuttles on the Island and not to interfere with the election in any way. But he was anxious to do what he could for O'Brien, and on the day preceding the election he had come to the city and begun running about the ward. He was an athlete, and on the night preceding election day, it is said, he cruelly beat a Tammany man.

On election morning he met Pat Craig, one of O'Brien's men, and told him that he would like to have some money to treat some friends. Craig gave him \$2, and McKenna and his friends went into a saloon at Thirty-second street and Second avenue. The noise of the row in the street brough him out. He knew at once what the trouble was, and he ran up Second avenue and got into the crowd behind Croker. It is said positively that he had a brick or a missile of some sort in his hand. He worked his way through the crowd until he was behind George Hickey, who stood just behind Croker.

THE SHOT THAT RILLED M'KENNA. At this time Croker and O'Brien were spar-ring. In another second they would have been wrestling, when a pistol shot was fired in the crowd behind Croker. Several other shots fol-lowed, there was a pushing that separated the two leaders, and a circle was formed around McKenna, who lay in the street with a bullet in his head.

McKenna, who lay in the street with a Dunet in his head.

There was danger of a general fight between the two factions. Police Captain Allaire with twenty-five mounted men appeared and dispersed the crowd. Croker, O'Brien, and several others were arrested. On the way to the station house Croker turned to one of the men who was following him and asked:

"Do you know who fired that shot?" meaning the one that had killed McKenna.

"Yes," was the reply, "it was—"
At the station the prisoners were brought before Sergeant Frank Randall, and they began accusing each other of assault.

Not a word was said about the killing of McKenna until Craig ran in and shouted out that Croker had killed his cousin.

Craig was known to be one of the most bitter of the O'Brien men. He had no cousin, and it is believed now that he knew at the time he accused Croker of firing the fatal shot who the guilty man really was. Having once made the charge he stuck to it, and it was many years before he confessed that he had lied. Sorgeant Randall, without making any attempt to inquire into the truth of this charge, ordered Croker locked up. While Croker was in the cell he was visited by Comptroller, Green. John Kelly, William H. Wickham, and many other prominent men. At 11 c clock the same morning Coroner Woltman called at the station and had a long talk with Croker and the two Hickeys and Sheridan, who also were prisoners. Then he admitted them to bail in \$20,000 cach. In the mean time McKenna had been removed to Bellevue Hospital, where he died shortly after noon. FIRST MAN TO ACCUSE CROKER.

JAMES O'BRIEN'S SWORN TESTIMONY. At the time O'Brien declared that he had seen Croker shoot McKenna. O'Brien's brother Stephen said he had seen a pistol in Croker's hand, that it was exploded, and that at the same moment McKenna fell. Coroner Woltman had a mighty hard time getting hold of witnesses to the shooting. He issued warrants against the O'Briens, Craig, Costello, and William H. Borst, all friends of the O'Briens. Only Stephen O'Brien appeared willingly, Craig was arrested. Several had evidently fled, for the closest search for them proved unavailing. James O'Brien testified flatly that Croker put a pistol to McKenna's head and fired.

and fired.

When the returns of the election came in and it was found that Hewitt had been elected, the hatred of the O'Brienemen against Croker increased, and there is not much doubt that a scheme was deliberately planned of at least awearing Croker into prison. It is asserted that the witnesses among the O'Brien men were drilled as to what they should testify to.

were drilled as to what they should testify to.

Hahd Swearing AT THE INQUEST.

The Coroner's inquest was remarkable for hard swearing. James O'Brien, for instance, swore that he saw Croker draw a pistol, put the muzzle of it to McKenna's head, and pull the trigger, and that he, O'Brien, then yolled out to Croker: "You've murdered that man!"

William H. Borst testified that he heard one pistol shot and saw McKenna fall, and that he then saw one of the Hickey brothers fire two shots at O'Brien.

Craig testified that he ran to pick McKenna up, and that McKenna told him he had been shot by Croker. Many witnesses for Croker testified that he had never carried a pistol in his life, that he did not have a pistol on election day, and that the shot was fired by some person standing behind him. Many of these witnesses knew who was responsible for McKenna's death, and they were convinced, know as much about the matter as they did. In speaking about this recently, one of the actors in the tragedy said:

"Mr. Croker knew that the man who fired the fatal shot did so because he believed that either his brother or Mr. Croker was in danger of being killed. In either cass Mr. Croker believed the man was justified, and, if this man didn't care to come forwardand acknowledge his act, Mr. Croker was reasolved to remain silent himself."

The Coroner's inquest lasted many days, and resulted in this verdict:

"The jury find that John McKenna came to his death from a pistol shot wound in the head by the hand of some party to the jury unknown."

It was shown later that ten of the jurors voted for O'Brien on election day. HARD SWEARING AT THE INQUEST.

known."

It was shown later that ten of the jurors voted for O'Brien on election day.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION AT THE TRIAL. All the prisoners were discharged. James O'Brien went before the Grand Jury, and Croker was indicted for murder in the first degree. He was arrested on this charge on Nov. 18, 1874, and arraigned before Judge Barrett in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, where he pleaded not guilty, and was committed for trial.

in the Court of Over and Terminer, where he pleaded not guilty, and was committed for trial.

Croker's trial was begun on Dec. 7. His lawyers were Henry L. Clinton, Col. Wingate, and Col. Fellows. The prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Phelps and his assistants, Messrs, Rollins and Lyon. James O'Brien testified on the trial as follows:

"Croker hit me in the mouth. Then there was some racket, and I saw McKenna fall. Croker had a pistol in his hand, and was very close to McKenna. I said. 'Groker, vou shot that man.' After McKenna fell George Hickey fired two shots. Shoridan, Hickey, and Croker had pistols. Four or five shots were fired. McKenna fell at the first shot."

Patrick J. Craig testified that he saw Mc-

tols. Four or five shots were fired. McKenna fell at the first shot."

Patrick J. Craig testified that he saw McKenna in the hospital, and that McKenna told him not to send for his family, as he would be all right. This testimony, coming from one of the witnesses for the prosecution, knocked out McKenna's alleged statement that Mr. Croker had shot him, as a giving declaration. In spite of this testimony, however, Justice Barrett permitted the statement to stand as a declaration.

Stephen O'Brien swore that he saw a pistol in Crober's hand, and later amplified this statement by swearing that he saw Croker fire a shot and saw McKenna fall.

In his opening for the defence Col. Fellows, after describing the blows that passed between Croker and O'Brien just preceding the liring of the fatal shot, said:
"At that time Croker and O'Brien stood face to face, close together, if not actually grappled with each other. At that time the police officers were standing there for the purpose of stopping the fight. The District Attorney falled to put any of them on the stand except one, who came after the shooting. We will put on the stand every policeman who was present." EVIDENCE FOR THE DEPENCE. put on the stand every policeman who was present."

Edward A. Lusk testified that McKerna's left side was toward Croker when he was shot. The builet that killed McKenna entered his head from the right side.

Then came a long array of witnesses who testified that Croker had no weapon in his hand. Policeman Charles Emythe was one of these. He testified:

"It took me about 2's seconds after I heard the shot to get close to Croker and O'Brien, who were scuffing. When I arrested Croker I saw pistols in the hands of George and Henry lickey and John Sheridan. I saw George Hickey fire two shots and Sheridan three."

Every one of the witnesses for the defence swore that Croker had no pistol, and they stuck to this in srite of the most rigid cross-examination.

JUSTICK BARRETT BLAMES CROKER FOR THE

JUSTICE BARRETT BLAMES CROKER FOR THE

JUSTICE BARRETT BLAMES CROKER FOR THE FIGHT.

In charging the jury, Justice Barrett said that the only question for them to consider was whether Croker did or did not fire the fattal shot. He told them to set all other considerations aside. He told the jury, also, that Croker was resumsible for the fight, for he had begun it by ordering William H. Borst, one of O Brien's men, to leave the district.

This statement of Justice Barrett's was based principally upon the tastimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, but a statement made by Croker himself shortly after the shooting was in part responsible for it. The

statement was made to the reporters and widely printed. It ran like this:

"About fifteen minutes before G o'clock on Tuesday morning I went from the club house in Thirty-fourth street to Second avenue, and through the avenue to Thirty-ninth street. The Hickey brothers and John Sheridan were with me. We were returning down Second avenue when we met a man named Patrick Maguire, who was under arrest. My men understood that O'Brien's men had begun to quast them from their boxes, and we feared that lighting would follow. I called again on Capt. Allaire and reminded him of the promise he had made me to see that the Tammany men were protected. The Captain repited that if he didn't attend to it we might. In Second avenue, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, we encountered William H. Borst and Costelle, the prize fighters, Borst carried a heavy stick over his shoulder. I knew that Borst belonged on the other side of the city, and I said to Borst:

"Billy, what a re you doing on this side of town?"

"I had heard that Borst had previously "Billy, what are you doing on this side of town?" I had heard that Borst had previously ouarrelled with some of the Tammany voters. While I was talking with him ex-Senator O Brien ran across the street and shouted to Borst: 'Billy, what's that damned loafer saying to you?' I stepped back, and O'Brien began applying obseens epithets to me.' Justice Barrett said that this was the origin of the affair, and that Croker, in ordering Borst to get out of the district, took a position toward Borst which he had no right to take. He also dwelt strongly on the fact that the two Hickeys and Sheridan, who were with Mr. Croker, were armed.

THE JURY STOOD SIX TO SIX.

THE JURY STOOD SIX TO SIX. The jury were out eighteen hours, and then they came in with this communication:
"We communicate that we stand equally divided, with no prospect of arriving at a verdict. We have caused to discuss the question since daylight, and we are satisfied beyond all

doubt that we never can agree."
On Dec. 15 Croker was admitted to bail. WHY CROKER AND HIS PHIENDS HELD THEIR

WHY CROKER AND HIS FHIENDS HELD THEIR PEACE.

The result of the trial was a severe blow to Croker, for it failed to remove as he expected all suspleion against him. In a mental survey of the entire case he was grieved to recall the names of men whose testimony, had they been willing to appear in court would undoubtedly have cleared him of all suspleion. Of course, those men must have come from among the ranks of O'Brien's supporters or have been. In a political sense, entirely disinterested. Every man in the ward who was a friend of Croker's knew who fired the shot that killed McKenna before forty-eight hours had elapsed, but the guilty man was Croker's friend, and if it had not been for that shot, they reasoned, perhaps Croker or some of his triends would have been killed. Therefore they resolution they were sustained by a hope that some one of the O'Brien men would come forward and tell the whole story, but they waited in vain.

BURKE CONFESSES TO ABRAM S. HEWITT.

The man who came nearest to doing this was Burker the Sictor. He was reakened as

BURKE CONFESSES TO ABRAM S. HEWITT.

The man who came nearest to doing this was Burke, the Rioter. He was reckoned an O'Brien man of the most pronounced type, but, in fact, he was for Burke. The days of the draft riots, when Burke rode through the streets of this troubled city on a white horse and incited men to lawless deeds had not been forgotten, and his own comfort and safety made it necessary for him to hang to some man of influence. Burke saw the man who shot McKenna, he knew that McKenna's statement that Croker had shot him had been put into his mouth by some one of Croker's enemies, and, rufflan as he was, this knowledge worried him. into his mouth by some one of Croker's enemies, and, rufflan as he was, this knowledge worried him.

About a week or ten days after the shooting Mr. Hewitt called on Croker and told him that Burke had confessed to him that he knew who had shot McKenna, and that it was not Croker. Mr. Hewitt said that he had asked Burke why he didn't make a public statement to this effect, and that Burke had replied that he did not dare, for fear O'Brien's gang would kill him.

Pat Craig, the man who ran to the station and accused Croker of shooting his cousin, called on Croker after the trial and asked to be forgiven.

While the reporter was talking with Mr. Croker in Tammany Hall a few days ago Craig came in and took part in the conversa-

Craig came in and took part in the conversation.

"I never had a cousin," said Craig, "but I
was with O'Brien and did what I thought
would help him. I lied and I came to Mr.
Croker afterward and told him all about it. I
know the man who killed Mekenna, and I can
put my hand on him in half an hour. You
know him, too, don't you? Of course you do.
Why, I was so near him when he fired that
shot that I saw the kind of a pistol that he
used. It was a four-barrelled one."

Craig also said that he and a man named
McAleman went to O'Brien and asked him
why he didn't accuse the right man of shooting McKenna. why he didn't accuse the right man of shooting McKenna.

"We said to him," said Craig, "'Why don't you put it on the right man?"

On the night of the shooting, Craig said, he went around to the Jackson Club and asked McAleman and Alexander J. Busby, who also saw the shooting, to make a statement, but they wouldn't do it.

THE MAN WHO KILLED M'KENNA ARRESTED WITH THE PISTOL IN HIS POSSESSION. THE FISTOL IN HIS POSSESSION.

The man who killed McKenna was arrested by Policeman Kearney. He was Kearney's friend, and in order to shield him Kearney took the pistol with which the fatal shot had been fired and put it in his own pocket. When the prisoners were searched at the police station no pistol was found in the possession of Kearney's prisoner, and he was discharged. Kearney is dead.

Mr. Croker has positively refused to discuss the matter further than to express a sincere hope that the guilty man, before he dies, will make a full confession.

Many of the brime conspirators against Mr.
Croker are dead. All of them have died miserably. Among these are Owney Geoghegan,
Larry O'Brien, and Borst.

ODD WAYS OF GETTING WATER.

The Shifts to Which People Resort in Various Parts of the World. When Mr. David Lindsay returned from his expedition across a part of the Australian desert a while ago, he said the whole of that almost waterless country was inhabited by natives who get their water supply by draining the roots of the mallee tree, which yield quantities of pure water. This tree, absorbing moisture from the air, retains it in considerable quantities in its roots and thus makes it possible to live in an arid region, which would

otherwise be uninhabitable. There are people in other parts of the world who get their supply of water in a peculiar way. The explorer Coudreau, for instance, found a while ago while wandering among the Tumue-Humae Mountains, in the western part of Guisna, that it was not necessary for his men to descend to a creek when they wanted a drink of water. A vine known as the water vine is found all through that region. It yields an abundant supply of excellent drinking fluid whenever it is called upon. This vine grows to a height of sixty to ninety feet. It is usually about as thick as the upper part of the human arm. It winds itself loosely around trees, clambers up to their summits. and then falls down perpendicularly to the ground, where it takes root again.

The natives cut this vine off at the ground and then, at a height of about six or seven feet, they cut it again, which leaves in their hands a very stout piece of wood a little longer than themselves. In order to obtain its sap they raise the lower end of the vine upon some support and apply the upper end to their mouths. The section of the vine, while showing a smooth, apparently compact surface, is pierced with many little veins, through which the sap flows freely. Six feet of the vine gives about a pint of water, which is slightly sweet to the taste. Condreau says that it quenches thirst as effectively as water from the most refreshing brook.

The bushmen in the Kalahari Desert often live scores of miles from places where water comes to the surface. During a certain part of the year sharp storms pass over the Kalahari, covering the apparently avid region with the brightest of verdure and filling, for a few short days, the water courses with roaring torrents. The bushmen know how to find water by digging in the bottoms of these dried up river beds. They dig a hole three or four feet deep and then tie a sponge to the end of a hollow reed. The sponge absorbs the moisture at the hottom of the hole, and the neatives draw it into their mouths through the reed, and then empty it into calabashes for future use.

The apimals that inhabit such wastes as the feet, they cut it again, which leaves in their natives use.

The animals that inhabit such wastes as the Kalahari are of course accustomed to living upon very small and infrequent supplies of water. The Bechuana do not lead their cattle to the drinking places of cener than once in two or three days. It is said that goats in the Kalahari frequently pass months without water, and, according to Mr. Mackenzie, there are certain antelopes which are nover seen to visit the drinking places.

In that enormous waste known as the Gobi desert, north of China, showers sometimes fall during the summer, and the terrents of a day fill the dried-up water courses through which water seldom runs. It is in these channels that the Mongols dig their wells, expect-

CHANGES OF OUR CLIMATE. FORECASTER DUNN'S DEDUCTIONS FROM OBSERVATIONS.

Considering the Causes-Why Storms Mave Passed to the North of This City. There seems to be little doubt that our limate is undergoing a change. For the past decade the seasons have blended so gradually that no definite outline marked the outgoing of one or the incoming of the other. The winters, if we may call them such, have been mild and snowless, except for rare exceptions, while our summers have been more like spring. Numerous theories have been advanced from time to time for the change, some being entirely without foundation, while others possessed many plausible phases. The oldest inhabitants whose retentive memories wander back to their boyhood days, tell us of the cold winters and great snow storms, when sleighing and skating lasted from November to March. A person's memory is not the most reliable in substan-tiating the claim that our climate has changed, but it certainly cannot be ignored.

The theory having the most adherents is

that the Gulf Stream, flowing nearer to our shores, has instituted the change, the argument being that if the Gulf Stream did not warm up the British Isles they would be as cold as Greenland. Assuming such to be the ease, although very doubtful, according to the latest scientific investigations made by Mr. M. J. Thoulet, which go to prove that when the Gulf Stream reaches the vicinity of Newfoundland the depth and volume is no longer sufficient to exert any material action on the climate. Therefore, if the investigations be correct, the real cause must be sought elsewhere. That theory cannot be applied to the change in our climate, for the reason that as yet we have no tangible proof that the Gulf Stream has changed its course, and if it has it could not affect the cilmate of this country. Its waters may literally wash our shores, but the change in its course would not be perceptible even in the coast States, as all storms and atmospheric phenomena pass from west to east, and the prevailing winds, being off shore, would carry any change that it might produce into the ocean. Again, the rotation of the venting weather conditions travelling to the westward, is sufficient to dispel the Gulf Stream theory. Furthermore the change in climate has not been of a local nature, but has been as great in the central valleys and extreme West as in this vicinity, or greater. Even the Southern States have had considerable change. They can no longer rely on their mild winters, as in former years, for the high pressure areas have followed each other in rapid succession into that vicinity and caused the temperature to remain below the freezing point for poriods equal in duration to some of the more northerly States.

In all of the years since 1885, with only one exception, our climate has become gradually warmer, as shown by the figures of the Weather Bureau. The annual mean temperatures show the steady increase of heat and serve to make the case plain: westward, is sufficient to dispel the Gulf

The year 1888 was not only exceptional in the order of the steady change in temperature, but its eccentricities apply to storms, blizards, &c. The excess of heat for the year 1887 amounted to 212°, that is, a surplus of but its occentricities apply to storms, blizzards, &c. The excess of heat for the year 1887 amounted to 212°, that is, a surplus of mean temperature above the normal. There was also an excess of 3.14 inches of rainfall. The year 1888 closed with a deficiency of 452° mean temperature, but it had a surplus of 14.17 inches rainfall. The year 1889 regained and almost doubled the amount of heat lost during the previous year. At the close of December there was an excess of 845° of mean temperature and a surplus of 15.15 inches of rainfall, which exceeded that of 1888 by 5.38 inches, and is the heaviest fail recorded in any one year since the Weather Bureau began to keep a record. The year 1800 made greater efforts and piled up 918′ mean temperature above the average. The year 1801 ended with an excess of 585′ mean temperature, but was deficient 3.81 inches in rainfall. The most remarkable feature, as shown in the excess of heat, lies in the fact that it was gained during the fall and winter months of each year, while the summer months were quite cool. Many days of December, January, and February of each year have been warmer than agreat many in June, July, or August, and the occurrence being so frequent caused general comment. The cause for such a change is not determined easily, and all theories and deductions advanced to solve the problem can be verified only by a long series of continuous observations, covering a number of years.

After a careful search for material for a foundation upon which to build, it is necessary to start from the birthplace of storms that cross our country, for the climate of any place must be determined by the number of storms and the passage of the storm centres to the northward of southward of this city, for instance, the warm southward the cold northerly winds would rush toward the centre, and consequently give us colder weather. The winds from all

toward the storm centre to fill the vacuum, and as they do so they blow spirally inward and upward, while the winds from an area of high pressure have a diametrically opposite movement, and the winds are thrown off from the centre, producing colder weather when the centre is north of a given place, and with the centre is north of a given place, and with the centre is north of a given place, and with the centre is north of a given place, and will excenditions depend entirely on the duration of these centres in passing, as well as on their frequency. As the effect is apparent and well established, we must trace these disturbing and controlling powers to their birthplace to locate any change in their development or course. If we can assign any reason, or show a cause, why they should take a course across the country different from that of provious years, it is one step nearer to solving the problem.

The majority of the storms that cross this country develop in the extreme northwest, beyond the limits of our country, or pass in from the North Tacillo Gean. Others develop in the extreme southwest, or come in from the South Facility of the extreme northwest, beyond the limits of our country, or pass in from the North Tacillo Gean. Others develop in the extreme southwest, or come in from the South Facility of the extreme northwest, beyond the limits of our country, or pass in from the North Tacillo Gean. Others develop in the cross at all, has been deposited on the west side of the most sure they start with, which must be considerable to give them sufficient energy to cross at all, has been deposited on the west side of the mountain, where the warm moist air is forced to a greater horight, and meets the colder upper air currents, the moisture is condensed, and by the time the depression reaches the cast side of the mountains only dry air is left, which accounts for the arid land of the west in reaches the cast side of the mountains of the last atmospheric resistance. Of that we are aware. Now why should most of the w

A SRAITOR'S FAMILY. diet Arnold's Descendante Distin-

"One Sunday recently," said a well-known New Yorker. "I sat through a very excellent sermon which a distinguished clergyman of this city preached. It was on the subject of faithfulness to trusts, and the eloquent divine used as one of his examples of the earthly consequences of unfaithfulness what he termed the wretched ending of Benedict Arnold, who, he said, 'after a few years of re-morseful existence, shunned and spurned with loathing by the very people his treachery was intended to greatly serve, died alone and in bitterness, his family scattered and ashamed of the name they bore, such was the obloquy attaching to it. Who is there in the world to iny,' exclaimed the clergyman, 'who acknowledges ancestry in Benedict Arnold? "I could have answered the reverend gentleman's question if an answer had been ex-

pected. The clergyman's understanding of

the ending of the traitor Arnold and the hiding of their identity by his descendants seems to

be the popular one. I. in common with my countrymen, once had a share in that belief myself. A sequence such as that would have

been retributive justice, of course, but it is

not fact. I spent a year in rural England a few

years ago, and in Buckinghamshire found one of the leading families to be that of a clergy-man of the Church of England, the Rev. Edwin Gladwin Arnold of Little Missenden Abbey. I had been in the neighborhood some time before I learned that this clergyman was a grandson of Benedict Arnold. This was of course a great surprise to meespecially as the fact was well known to everybody there, and yet the clergyman was greatly revered and his family held in the greatest regard. This led me to investigate, and I soon obtained a genealogical record of Benedict Arnold's family that rather destroyed the popular American tradition of its fate. Benedict Arnold may have died alone and neglected, but if he did, none of his descendants has as yet seen the necessity of doing so. If I had answored the question of the elergyman whose sation in a much surprised as I was when I discovered the question of the elergyman whose sation as much surprised as I was when I discovered the question of the elergyman whose satistic of the work of the theory of the elergyman whose satistic of the work of the elergyman whose satistic of the work of the elergyman whose satistic of the work of the elergyman whose satistic of the elergymen of the elegan of the elergyman whose satistic of the electron of the elevant Shippen. James Robertson, George William Fitch, and Bophia Matilda. Edwin Shippen Arnold became a Lieutenant-General in the British army, and Paymastor at Muttra, India, He died in 1813 at Singapore. James Robertson Arnold became a Lieutenant-General in the British army, being Grove, Essex. He died in 1834, and his wife in 1852. George Arnold was Lieutenant-Colonei of the Sarnold was Lieutenant-Colonei of the Sarnold was Lieutenant-Colonei of the Sarnold w

The Story of a Chief Who Himself Inflicted

If you go down to French Guiana and ascend the big Maroni River a little distance you will find a great many negroes who talk very bad French. Some of them, however, have visited France and have a little education. The more intelligent of these negroes will tell you that the greatest man who ever lived, except the first Napoleon, was Boni. One of these negro tribes is called the Bonl from the name of the man who released the people from slavery. Boni was the intelligent and audacious ne ero who, in 1772, revolted against his master on the coast of Dutch Guiana, destroyed his property, escaped with hundreds of other slaves, and founded a new home for the people, whom he piloted to the borders of French Guiana. For many decades all slaves who es caped from their masters were able to find their freedom among the Bonis. A curious story is told about Boni by the explorer Henri

Coudreau, who has done so much to make the interior of French Guiana known. Coudreau, who has done so much to make the interior of French Gulana known.

A long distance up the Maroni River is the island Adlafo, which means "cutting off the head." This is the island where, for a long time, it is the island where, for a long time, it is is the island where, for a long time, it is is the island where, for a long time, it is is the island where, for a long time, it is is is in the required to assistance whatever in carrying his judgments into effect. He alone escorted the condemned persons to the island of Adlafo, and unaided he cut off their heads. The Spartacus of the "Negroes of the Woods" seemed to be particularly fond of this sort of exercise. Physically he was the most powerful man in his country. No one wished to cope with him in combat.

When he had a prisoner whom he had condemned he would place his flintlock and his sabre in a canoe, sout the condemned man in he bow of the boat, and then paddle up stream several miles to the island. He would not have even a boatman with him on these little expeditions.

"Now." Boni was wont to say to the unhappy wretch before him, as he paddled along, "do not attempt to escape, for if you do I shall surely stop you by a bullst in the legs. I shall not shoot to kill you, for I shall wish to torture you after I get you.

"No, chief," the trembling victim would often reply, "I shall not try to escape." And such was the terror Boni inspired that the unfortunate prisoner would reach the place of punishment probably without entertaining the slightest thought of escaping.

When they reached the island Boni would tell his prisoner to got out of the canoe and would tell his prisoner to got out of the canoe and would then march him to the place of execution. This was a large flat rock, washed by a tamarind tree. The rock is still shown to every one who visits the spot. When they reached the place, Boni, fleroe and inexorable, would sternly command:

"Now you die. To your knees. Your hands behind your back. Hold down your head."

The unfortunate wretch, mor A long distance up the Maroni River is

"The Bulville Banner." From the Atlanta Constitution.

We were unable to get a free pass to the World's Fair, and so we leave this morning on foot, accompanied by a clear conscience and a year's provisions, in order to get there in time. During our absence the Banaer will be run by our wife. If our subscribers know her as well as we do, they'll pay up and say nothing.

We can't tell why the railroads refuse us the usual courtesies, as we have never burned a bridge or threw a crosstie in front of a locomotive. But we're independent. Strong shoes and free salvation will pull us through.

The loss of the reaf of our house last night was not due to a cyclone. It was only the Bill-ville nand giving as a farewell seremade.

With our wite as editor and our mother-iniaw as bill collector, we have no doubt that the paper will prosper while we are away. We advise creditors to leave early and avoid the rush. The Michigan editors called on us yesterday and we gave them a royal banquet of sardines, well water, and fresh air. Call again, boys!



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DR. GREENE'S NERVURA,

Great Spring Remedy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the great saver of life and health. It removes all nervous irritability, and perfectly and completely cures Nervousnessand Ner Poor Blood, Debility

vous Exhaustion. Why do you suffer from such an exhausted, pros-trated and dragged-out feeling when Dr. Greene's Narvura surely cures all

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Thousands suffer from wakeful nights, and rise morn-ings unrefreshed. Dr. Greene's Nervura gives natural, refreshing sleep—the perfect cure for

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TWO-THUMBED TOMMY'S" BURIAL Song Was the Only Funeral Ceremony at the Gambler's Grave,

In the summer of '81 the writer visited Winslow, Ari., then a grading camp on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. It was a typical sheds, the majority being occupied as saloons arrival a notorious character. known as Two-Thumbed Tommy," a frontier gamble had gone the usual way of his class-died with his boots on. It seems that Tommy, in company with some boon companions, was engaged in a game of draw, when Tommy, who had been a heavy winner, accidentally dropped to the floor a couple of aces he had been to considerable trouble to gather. In the confusion following the discovery Tommy had been so carved and shot that his life went out, his spirit probably journeying to that bourne where there are neither poker

games, pistois, nor knives. When the writer arrived the body had been placed in a box, the grave dug a short distance from the camp, and preparations were being made to carry the remains to the grave for interment. Quite a crowd had collected composed of a motley group of railroad graders, gamblers, and the mercantile representatives of the camp, and it was proposed, as there was no minister of the Gospel near at hand, to "plant" him without ceremony.

As the selected pall bearers were about to shoulder the coffin, a big, strapping fellow stepped into the growd and inquired if they were going to bury the man without funeral honors. Some one replied: "Yes, there's no. parson here, and we don't know anybody that will give him the proper 'send-off.'

"Well, boys," says our tall friend. "it's hard to be planted that way, and I propose we show our good will, if nothing more. Is there any one in the crowd that can sing?"

It seemed hard work to find any one in that crowd of rough-dressed men that had not forcrowd of rough-dressed men that had not forgotten all their early religious training. First one then another was asked regarding their knowledge of hymns. Finally the crowd pounced upon a quiet young fellow, who was sitting upon a box, an interested spectator, whose appearance proclaimed he had not long been out from under the paternal roof. He admitted that he did know some hymn tunes, and in a clear tenor commenced the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages." The first few lines were chimed in with by the crowd with a will, and a roar went up that made it appear as if "Two-Thumbed Tommy" would be sang into the unknown hereafter with as good will as he was shot out of this world; but, alas! the songs of early life seemed to have fled from memory, and as the first verse neared completion the words of the song died away in a confused murmur.

Then up spoke a little Irishman from one of the camps down the road: "Hould on, young feller; stop pullin' that string and sing a song that's known to all." And here quite a confusion ensued, until up rose an old California miner, who remarked: "Don't know as I can lead the meetin' with any hymn tunes, but boys, I can sing 'In the Days of '40,' and I think you all know that."

"Give us 'The Days of '40,'" roared the crowd, and so as a requiem for poor Tommy was struck up:

Tou see before you d'A Tom Moore, gotten all their early religious training. First

You see before you old Tom Moore, A relic of bygone days.

A bummer, too, folks call me now;
But what care I for praise?

At the close of the song the rough pine box containing all that was mortal of Tommy was lifted to the shoulders of six strapping graders and toward the grave, followed by the motley throng, they betook their way, with bared heads and sober mien, chanting in earnest voices the chosen requiem:

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy-Was always getting tight; When he got drunk and running around He was spoiling for a fight.

In the distance, as the procession reached the grave, one could hear as the bearers set the coffin down: There was Buffalo Bill, he could outroar, A buffalo, you bet! He'4 roar all day and roar all night; I guess he's roaring yet.

And as the clods of earth fell thick and fast upon the coffin, this was borne faintly upon the still air:

There was old lame Jess, a hard old case, Who never did repent: Got many a meal and many a drink. But never paid a cent.

But pour old Jess, like all the rest, To death at last resigned, And in his gloom, went up the finme, In the days of '49.

And so it was that "Two-Thumbed Tommy"

Weak and Shattered

from the Grip. Dr. Greene's Nervura is acknowledged everywhere as the greatest of all Nerve Remedies, and is absolutely

Nerves.

Dyspepsia, distress, fulness, faint 'all gone' feeling, gas, liver disease, constipation, are perfectly cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, as are also Sleepless Nights and Headache and Dizzi-

ness. People often lose their appetite, the liver is inactive, the bowels constipated. Dr. Greens's Nervura is ex-actly the remedy for

Poor Appetite and Constipation.

Br. Greene, the well-known specialist in the ense of chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted free personally or by letter, BEND FOR SYMPTOM BLANK.

MOROCCO'S TREASURE HOCSE. Hoarding Gold and Silver Under Ground with 800 Black Soldiers to Guard Them.

Morocco has a famous treasure house which. although not so important as it was once, still contains a large part of the Sultan's accumulations from the heavy taxes imposed on his people. There are at present three subtreasuries where a considerable part of the country's revenue is kept. The chief repository, however, and the only one which is well known, is at Miknas, on the road between Fes

and the city of Morocco. In the course of time an immense amount of money has been kept in that strongly guarded receptacle. The treasure is in the form of gold and silver, a good deal of it coined and a great deal in the form of bar metal.

Morocco is not a very expensive Government to carry on, although the people are burdened with heavy taxes. The Sultan's outgo is chiefly for the expenses of his court, for the payment of his pension roll, which amounts to considerable sum, for theological schools, for the entertainment of his guests, and for his army, which, however, is not a heavy drain on

he treasury. The officers of the State cost the Government comparatively little, for they are expected, in

army, which, however, is not a heavy drain on the treasury.

The officers of the State cost the Government comparatively little, for they are expected, in their own provinces, to bleed the people for their personal advantage, and they live right up to their privileges. Yery little is expended for streets, roads, bridges, prisons, and other things which cost most governments a great deal of money. The Stan hoards a large part of the sums he receives from taxes to add to his personal fortune and to pay the expenses of war, should he be so unjucky as to become involved in trouble with his European friends. The det the owns Spain in European friends. The det he owns Spain in European friends. The det he owns spain on account of the unpleasantness between that country and his own years ago is not paid yet, although the sown years ago is not paid yet, although the sown years ago is not paid yet, although the sown years and the solid friends and the sum is being diminished rapidly, as Spain takes on half of the total customs duties collected at Moroccan ports.

Notoric hand at the treasure boxes of Morocco, but it is supposed to be enormous. Morocco has no population of about 8,000,000 people, and although most of them are very poor, the tax gatherers contrive to squeeze a good deal of money out of them. Miknas has been the royal treasury of some centuries. The treasure building is a short distance outside of the city. Its stone walls are very high and thick. To get inside all these doors they yet might not be able to secure the treasure. The interior is a long, narrow hall, as dark as pitch, which is let into the stone flooring, and leads to an underground apartment, where the treasure is kept in a large room called the treasure is kept in the stone provided with locks, which is let into the stone of the first portion of the Sultan's army, and

Dansing Kaled Him at 79.

From the Frontzelmenty Spirit.

James McCarty of Gaskill township, one of the most unique characters of Jefferson county and perhaps of the State, died last Friday, aged 70 years. Its death was caused by overheating himself dancing in the open air, for, eld as he was, for larty could still keep step to a tune in a very lively fashion. He would often play the volin and dance to the music for half an hour at a time greatly to the amusement of the onlookers. For years his occupation has been hunting. Up to the time of his last lliness he was remarkably sotive.